

NATION TO OBSERVE FIFTY YEARS OF LINCOLN'S MEMORY

Anniversary of His Birthday This Year Will Have Deeper Significance Than Usual Because of Assassination on April 14, 1865

A FEW weeks after the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, next Friday, February 12, comes the fiftieth anniversary of his death. On April 14, 1865, the Union flag was hauled down at Fort Sumter and the war became a fact. On April 14, 1865, the man who had been the head of the Union during the struggle was shot by an assassin. The observance of the anniversary of his birth will therefore have deeper significance than usual this year.

The world to-day realizes the tragedy of his assassination, but not so well the shock it caused at the time. The shock was the greater because it came without warning.

On the afternoon of April 14, 1865, President Lincoln, accompanied by his wife, went for a long drive, happy in the thought of the dawn of peace after the long night of war. Little did he dream that at that very time a band of conspirators were plotting his death within a few hours and that he would never see the sunrise of another day.

As a recreation he had planned that night to see the famous actress Laura Keane in "Our American Cousin," which was being played in what was then Ford's Theatre, on Tenth street Northwest between E and F streets, Washington. The building now belongs to the Government and is occupied by the office of the pension division of the War Department.

Gen. Grant was to have been one of this theatre party, and the fact that he was unexpectedly called away probably saved his life, as there is no doubt that his murder was also contemplated.

The President's box had been draped with two flags, a silk one borrowed from the Treasury Department being placed in the center. It was in this that Booth's spur caught when he leaped from the box after shooting Lincoln. Within the box was placed a rocking chair for the use of the President. At half past 8 Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, entered the box to witness a play of which they were destined never to see the end.

As the President sat quietly in his box for an hour and a half John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was hovering near waiting for a favorable opportunity to fire the fatal shot. Booth was a handsome, gay, romantic young actor of the famous family of actors. Edwin Booth was his brother and Junius Brutus Booth his father.

Young Wilkes Booth—he was commonly called by his middle name—was an ardent Southern sympathizer, and his frequent visits to Washington brought him in contact with people of similar sentiments and gave him the opportunity to put into effect a plan which

he imagined would be that of a patriot.

For some months he had been living in Washington, where he had discussed plans with a band of conspirators. These plans at first looked to the capture of the President by taking him boldly, concealing him in one of the cellars of the old Van Ness mansion till a chance offered to get him out of Washington and then spiriting him away to Richmond and compelling the exchange of southern prisoners for his freedom.

But these plans having gone astray, Booth decided on the morning of April 14 to kill the President in the theatre that evening and escape at once by the rear alley, making his way across what is known as the Navy Yard bridge at Anacostia into Maryland, and thence to Virginia. He never seemed to doubt but that his crime would meet with approbation.

Shortly after 9 P. M. Booth got his horse and led it to the back door of the theatre, leaving it in charge of a boy named Joseph Burroughs, but nicknamed "Peanuts."

About fifteen minutes past 10 he entered the theatre, and, walking unnoticed down the aisle, entered the rear of the President's box. The guard who should have been on duty at the door was down in the parquet in order to see better. Had he been at his post, it is believed, Lincoln's life might have been saved. But as it was Booth gained easy access to the box and placed in the doorway a bar which had evidently been prepared for the occasion by some one in the conspiracy.

One of the actors, Harry Hawk, speaking when, at twenty minutes past 10, Booth fired a shot into Lincoln's brain. At the sound of the pistol Rathbone leaped to his feet and grasped Booth, but the latter thrust him aside after stabbing him several times in the arm. Booth then laid his right hand on the box railing and made a leap downward to the stage, but as he did so his spur caught in the folds of the Treasury flag and he fell in a crouching attitude, which resulted in a broken leg.

Though suffering untold agony, the assassin sprang to his feet, ran out of the rear door of the theatre into the alley, jerked the reins from the hands of "Peanuts," leaped into the saddle and in another second was clattering off the alley into F street, away toward Anacostia like a madman—as he probably was.

In the meantime in the theatre the suddenness of the attack had left the audience bewildered. It was not until the screams of Mrs. Lincoln rang out shrilly that people realized what had happened. The wildest confusion resulted; but quiet was finally restored

and the audience fled out of the building rapidly to spread the news of the assassination.

About the first to reach the wounded President were two paymasters, who at once called for the White House coach. But this order was countermanded by Dr. Charles Taft, an army surgeon who rushed into the box, for he saw at once that a carriage drive would be fatal. With Dr. Taft holding the head and several other men the body Mr. Lincoln was borne out of the door of the theatre and into the house of William Petersen at 516 Tenth street, just opposite Ford's.

It seems that a lodger in this house had heard the commotion in the street and opened the door to ascertain the cause. The open door and bright light at once caught the doctor's attention, so the dying President was taken gently up the steps and laid on a small bed in a rear room on the first floor.

This apartment was occupied by William T. Clark, a soldier of the Thirtieth Massachusetts Infantry. The bed was a walnut four poster and on the walls were several famous engravings.

The fatal shot had entered the left side of the head behind the left eye, traversing the brain and lodging behind the right eye. The surgeons at once recognized the fact that the wound was mortal. On this humble bed the President, surrounded by personal friends and several high Government officials as well as his family, remained peacefully all night, unconscious to the last. At 22 minutes past 7 on the morning of April 15, 1865, he ceased to breathe.

As his pulse stopped Secretary Stanton stepped to the bed and, looking down into the countenance on which an eternal peace rested, said in a low voice, "Now he belongs to the ages." The Rev. Dr. Gurley, the President's pastor, dropped on his knees in prayer. Then out on the wires of the world flashed the news of the death.

At 11 o'clock that same day Chief Justice Chase administered the oath of office to the new President, Andrew Johnson, in the old Kirkwood House, which stood at Pennsylvania avenue and Twelfth street.

The funeral service of the martyred President was held in the East Room of the White House Wednesday, April 18, at noon, the coffin being then taken to the Capitol, where it lay in state in the rotunda till April 21, when the funeral train started for Springfield, Ill. It reached that town on the morning of May 3. On the 4th amid a nation's tears and the most impressive ceremonies that could be devised the remains of Abraham Lincoln were placed in a vault in Oak Ridge Cemetery.

To return to Booth and the rest of the conspirators. The assassin had fled

from Washington, and safely passing the guard on the bridge at Anacostia, galloped down into Maryland along a road on which the conspirators had left friends with supplies of guns and whiskey.

Pursuit was at once begun by the Government. Col. L. C. Baker having charge of the force sent to capture the murderer. Knowing that Booth had sought refuge in Maryland and would probably attempt to cross into Virginia, Baker followed in his tracks, rightly arguing that a man in his condition could not conceal his identity.

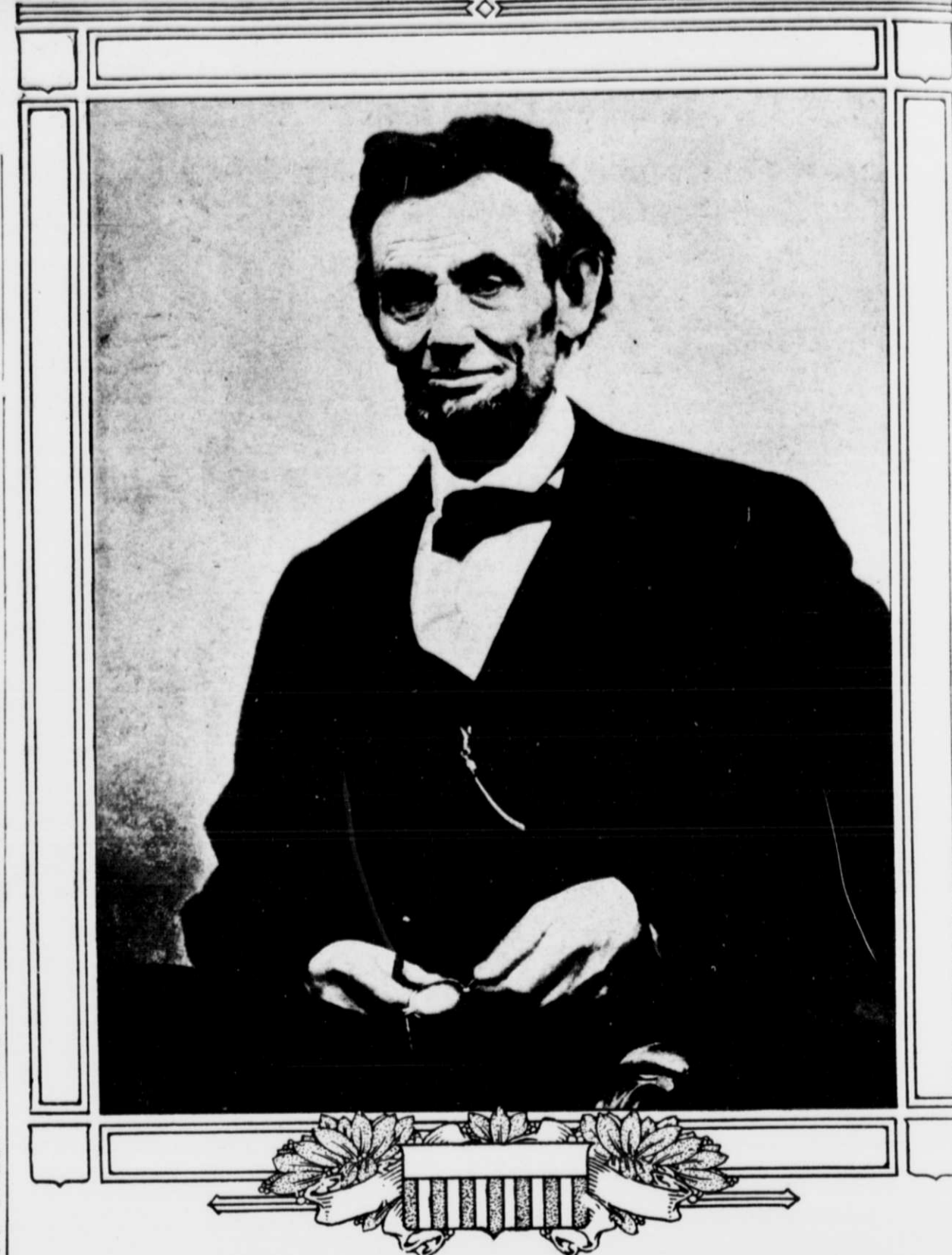
After some work in tracing the assassin, Baker at last stopped at the home of a farmer, Richard H. Garrett, near Port Royal, Va. Having every reason to believe that Booth and a fellow conspirator, Herold, had stopped at this place, the soldiers surrounded the house about 2 o'clock in the morning of April 26 and rapped at the door. Garrett appeared and denied any knowledge of the men, but a young son informed Baker that those he sought were at that moment sleeping in a wagon house or barn.

Throwing a guard about this building, Baker sent young Garrett into the place to demand that the inmates surrender. Both men at first refused, but Herold at last weakened and came out to be manacled. Booth declared that he would never be taken alive, and stood his ground, far back in the shed, leaning on a crutch, with a carbine levelled at the door.

Col. Conger, wishing to expedite matters, lighted a wisp of straw and struck it through a crack into a pile of hay in a corner inside. In a moment the interior was ablaze and everything within in a full light. The flames showed Booth standing with his gun in his hand, but retreating before the leaping fire. A shot rang out and John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln, sank to the barn floor dying, with a bullet in the back of his neck. The shot had been fired by a Union soldier named Boston Corbett.

Booth's body was dragged out of the burning shed and placed on Garrett's porch. His last words, uttered with great effort, were, "Useless, useless," referring to his inability to lift his hands. But before this he had told a soldier, "Tell my mother I died for my country; that I did what I thought was best." Booth received his fatal wound a little after 3 o'clock in the morning, but lingered, in agony, till sunrise, when he ceased to breathe.

His body was sewed up in an army blanket, carried in an old wagon to Belle Plain and put on board a boat to Washington. Reaching the capital it was taken down the Eastern branch to the old penitentiary. There, in one of the large cells, the stones were taken up, a grave dug and the remains, which were enclosed in a pine coffin, interred. They rested there till 1869, when Booth's brother Edwin had them removed to Baltimore and buried in the family lot in Greenmount Cemetery in that city.



This is said to be Lincoln's last photograph, taken by Gardner a few days before the assassination.

It is impossible to find any marking of Wilkes Booth's grave. There is none. The ivy growing on the base of the tall shaft to Junius Brutus Booth—Wilkes's father—was lifted up, a grave dug close in at the back of the stone, and the bones of the ill-fated man reposed there to this day.

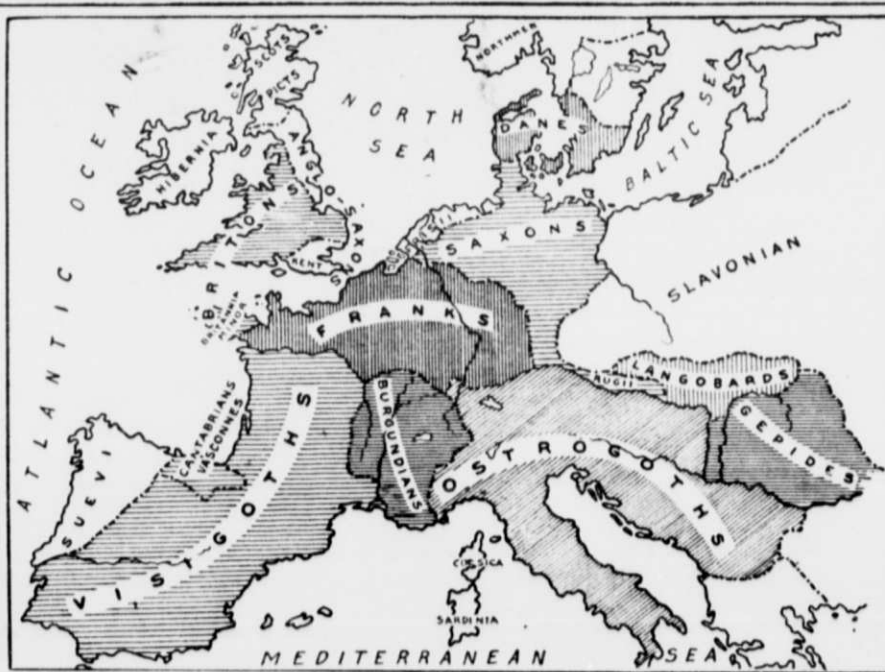
Booth was not the only one to suffer death for this murder. There were many other conspirators, prominent among them being Mrs. Surratt, who made her home at 604 H street Northwest; George A. Atzerodt; David E. Herold and Lewis Payne, or Powell, for he was known by both names. All four

of these persons suffered death by hanging as punishment for their complicity in the crime. Dr. Mudd of Maryland, who assisted Booth both before and after the deed, was also convicted, but his sentence was a life term in the Dry Tortugas.

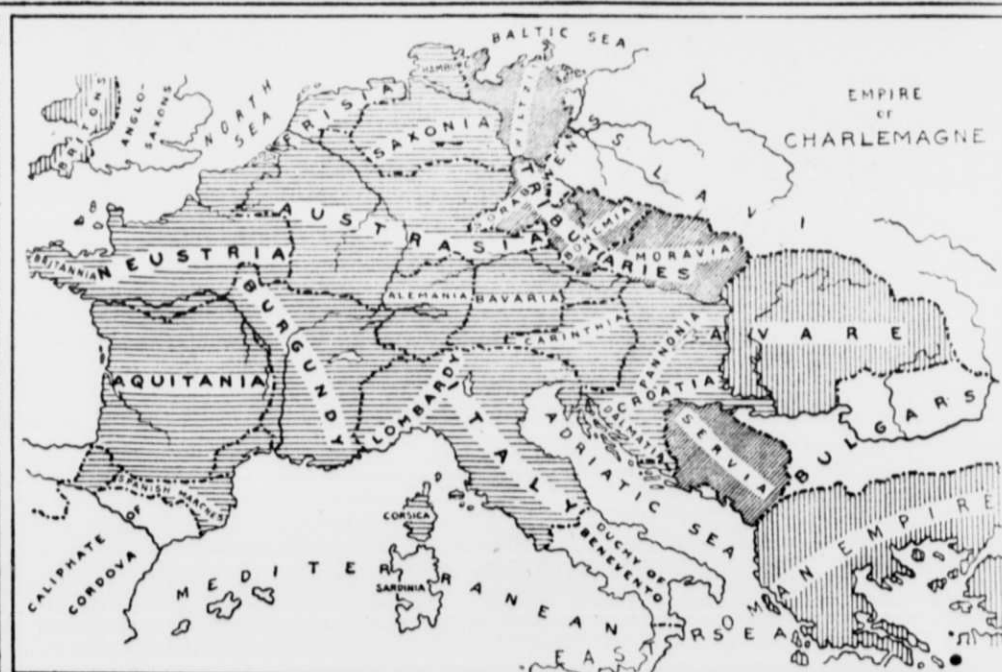
CHANGES IN THE MAP OF EUROPE CAUSED BY THE MANY TREATIES AFTER WARS



The Roman Empire at about 100 A. D.



Europe at about 500, after the breaking up of the Roman Empire.



Europe in 800, at end of Charlemagne Empire.

THE names of the countries of Europe have not always meant the same extent of territory as to-day and their boundaries have changed from time to time, and always as the result of treaties after war. France has sometimes been much narrower than it is to-day, extending toward the east not even so far as the River Rhone (which runs into the Mediterranean near the eastern boundary), and at other times it has spread farther east than now, even to the River Rhine.

Looking back upon the history of Europe it seems as if it consisted of nothing but wars and treaties of peace—treaties which were usually broken by another war. This is pointed out by William Webster Ellsworth in his lecture

on "The Making of Europe; How Wars Have Changed the Map." At the time of the supremacy of the Roman Empire all the lands on both sides of the Mediterranean were under the dominion of Rome. The history of Europe is made up, first, of the steps by which the States of the earlier peoples came under the power of Rome, and second, of the way in which the modern States were formed.

It will be noticed that the rivers Rhine and Danube, rising near each other and flowing respectively into the North and the Black Sea, form an almost continuous line. For hundreds of years this line was the chief boundary between two great races. To the north was Germania, a vast and dismal region of forests, swamps and moun-

tains. Here lived the Goths, Franks, Angles and Saxons.

The Roman historian Tacitus in describing Germania said that in spite of all the wildness of their country the people lived in houses, raised crops of grain and had herds of cattle and drank curdled milk and even in those days beer. The men were described as having tall and powerful bodies, fierce blue eyes and reddish hair and beards. Their chief business was fighting, and many of them became soldiers in the Roman armies. Suddenly there came upon these Germans, out of the east, a wild tribe from Asia called the Huns. A German-Goth who wrote the story of his own people in the year 551 described the Huns as "fiercer than ferocity itself."

The regenerator of western Europe and the founder of modern Europe was Charles the Great of Charlemagne. It was he who conquered the Lombards that had laid waste the Papal territory and who reestablished the Pope at Rome. In the name of the Roman people the Pope offered him the imperial crown, and on Christmas Day in the year 800 Charlemagne was proclaimed Emperor of the Roman Empire of the West.

A great change had taken place in the map of Europe toward the end of the eighth century, after the Seven Years war. In the early part of that century were fought the wars of the Spanish succession and the Austrian succession, involving nearly all of western Europe except England, and

hundreds of thousands of men were slain and untold millions spent over the question of the possession of a throne.

Poland, once a great territory, was soon to be divided up among the neighboring Powers. Except Russia, Poland was the largest kingdom in Europe, and the worst damaged. It had several hundred thousand nobles, mostly very poor, the Parliament consisted entirely of nobles; and no measure could pass that body if there was a single vote against it. The king was not a hereditary ruler, but whenever a vacancy occurred the nobles chose a new sovereign, usually a foreigner, and the various European Powers always took a hand in the election. Poland is the one country to which the Powers have been

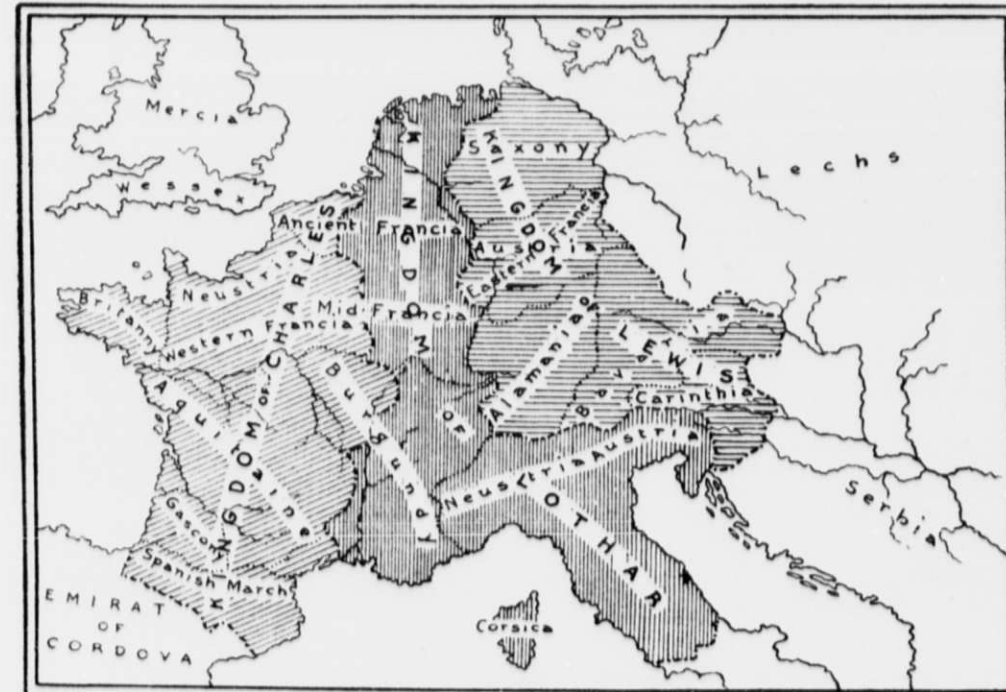
able to help themselves without serious opposition. When a ruler had nothing better to do he would go out into his back yard and dig up a piece of Poland.

When Napoleon was at the height of his power his dream of the Continent under a single chief was almost realized. His stepson was Viceroy of northern Italy, his brother Joseph was King of Naples, his brother Louis was King of Holland, his brother Jerome was King of Westphalia in the centre of upper Germany, his brother-in-law was Grand Duke of Berg. He protected the Confederation of the Rhine and his troops occupied dismembered Prussia, now a small territory far removed from the Rhine.

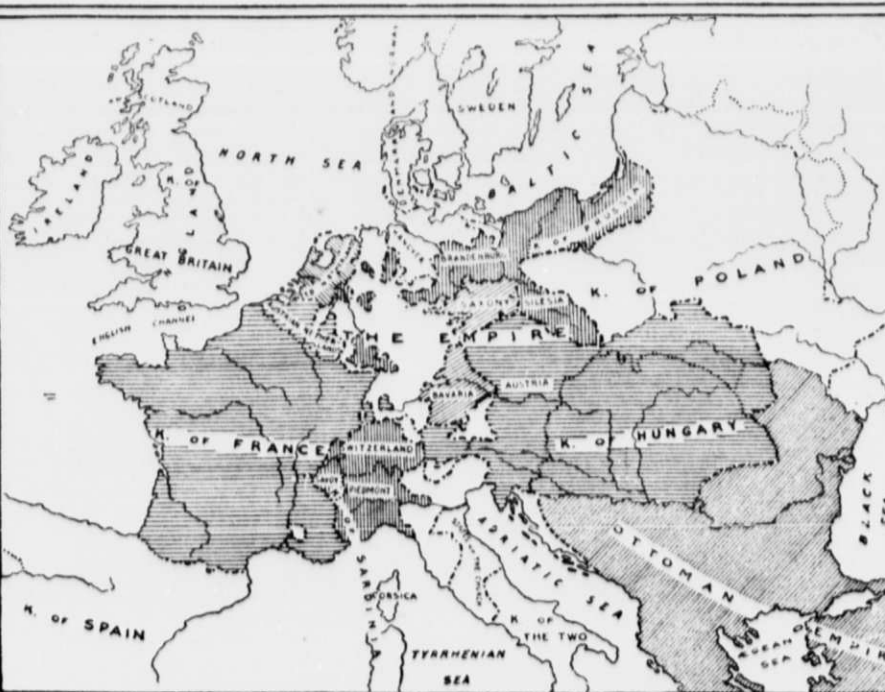
The empire of France in the northern

part ran up beyond Hamburg and took in all the territory west of the Rhine above Switzerland. In the south it extended to the kingdom of Naples. England alone as mistress of the seas appeared to stand between him and universal dominion.

In 1815 after the fall of Napoleon and the treaties which followed France was no better off than she was in 1799, when Napoleon was 21 years old and unknown. But Prussia had grown; it dominated the German Confederation, and by these treaties obtained a tract of land on the Rhine, and with a slight break stretched from France to Russia. So it came about that what Napoleon brought about that was most durable was the strengthening of his country's bitterest and most lasting enemy.



Central Europe after the division following the death of Charlemagne.



Europe at the end of eighteenth century, after the Seven Years War.



Europe at the time Napoleon was at height of his career.